ly, but indifferently.

"'O I call it-werry 'ot," returns he, making his quotation as genially as though she understood it, and, plucking a little rose-bud from a tree near him, proceeds to adorn his coat

seen you," he goes on, presently; and to Ruth Annersley's cheek neither more ashe speaks, his eyes seek hers. Something in her face touches some chord ly phrase comes in badly there, doesn't in his careless kindly nature. "How pale you are!" he says abrupt-

a faint smile.

in which fear and annoyance fight for upon him, vexing him sorely. mastery. Then the storm dies away,

says, gently. "I never associated you "Where have you been?" asks Dorof those small ills that female flesh

sure, if I have offended you."

He holds out his hand; and the girl, "What a pity she can't hear you!" child yourself. What a hard, hard

"Quite well, thank you, my lord." "Very few, I think," says Dorian, will do what she can for me. She will Some timidity is discernible in her genially. worthier man in all the parish than of marrying, Dorian?"

rousing himself from a puzzling rein the long run, wouldn't you? And I
poor hope to cheer his last hours.

| And I | poor hope to cheer his last hours. | given number one of the following list of prizes:

"Quite in the model line," says Dodon't think they'd have liked it, you know,—which is most satisfactory.

"I wish I could once see you as honged with the post almost unconstant to get a slight almost unconstant to get a slight almost unconstant to get a slight almost unconstant to get a specific for you and make a safe plate.

"Yes; to marry somebody," he repeats, wistfully, "that will be best,—to get some good man, some kindly, loving heart to protect you and make a safe plate.

"I wish I could once see you as honged with a slight almost unconstant to get a specific for you and make a safe plate.

"I wish I could once see you as honged with a slight almost unconstant to get a specific for you and make a safe plate.

"I wish I could once see you as honged with a slight almost unconstant to get a specific for you and make a safe plate.

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"I wish I could once see you as honged with a slight almost unconstant to get a specific for your and make a safe plate."

"I wish I could once see you as honged with a slight almost unconstant to get a specific for your and make a safe plate."

"I wish I could once see you as honged with a slight almost unconstant to get a specific for your and your and you with a slight almost unconstant to get a specific for your and your and your and you with a slight almost

counts, and ask a few questions, and severely, removing his glass from his show myself very learned in drainage, right to his left eye, as though to scan ters, somewhat thickly, clutching aimfollows:—

"Eh? oh, no; Sawyer is not that sort give the matter some thought," says the while,—such a little while,—and then of person. He is quite straight all Lord Sartoris, earnestly; "you are you will be with her forever. Oh, papa! through. And he never worries me twenty-eight, -old enough to make a my dear, my dear; smile at me once everything, and whatever he touches (metaphorically speaking) turns to gold.

"Awfully pretty girl," returns Do-

above her. She has no friends, no have seen Lady Fanny?"
mother, no sister, to love and sympa"Yes, a good deal of her."

her father, and about as comfortable a you know, no breathing-space allowed, tries not to believe the truth. Yet she ime altogether as I know of."

"She reminds me of some lowly wayside flower," goes on the old man, musnight, and insisted on my dancing attendance on his breathing-space anowed, knows it is death, unmistakable and relentless, upon which for the first time
she looks. side flower," goes on the old man, musingly, heedless of the brilliant interlude, "raising its little head sadly among gay garden plants that care not for her, whilst beyond the hedge that bounds her garden she can watch her own species grow and flourish in wild luxuriance. Her life can scarcely be called happy. There must always be a want, a craving for what can never be obtained. Surely the one that could bring sorrow to that pure heart, or bring sorrow to that pure heart, or tears to those gentle eyes, should be—"

"Asphyxiated," put in Dorian, idly. He yawns languidly and pulls the head off a tall dandelion, that adorns the wayside, in a somewhat desultory fashion. The color in the older man's corry to spoil the old man's cherished. Surely the one that could another. How could she happy with Clarissa? How could that lies outside the coverlet. The away that lies outside the coverlet. The away of all the senses.

Persons call daily and say they can-be tive even against your will."

Dorian pauses for a moment or two, and then says, very gently, as though lies senseless across the lifeless body.

The color in the older man's cherished.

Surely the one that could be—" by our fail to be happy with Clarissa? Hat lies outside the coverlet. The away of all the senses.

Persons call daily and say they can-be above her head, with a wild passionate cry, she falls forward, and lies senseless body.

M. Durnof, the aeronaut, who first opened communication between Paris and the outside world in 1870, is dying and say they can-be above her head, with a wild passionate cry, she falls forward, and lies senseless body. ion. The color in the older man's sorry to spoil the old man's cherished cheeks grows a shade deeper, and a plan,—

Sartoris is silent. A vague suspicion broken hearts are out of fashion. All so large that the sheriff turned him pleasure, escapes him.

Misery hurts, but it rarely kills; and broken hearts are out of fashion. All so large that the sheriff turned him of what now appears a certainty has for this unhappiness came to Georgie out of doors.

"It is warm-very," she says, calm- with calm severity, "that it would be actly hearing it from her own lips." well to place beyond the reach of ridi-

"Am I one of them?" says Dorian, lightly. Then, glancing at his uncle's face, he checks himself, and goes on quickly. "I beg your pardon, I'm sure. I have been saying something unlucky, as usual. Of course I agree with you on all points, Arthur, and think the "It seems a long time since I have man who could wilfully bring a blush nor less than a blackguard pur et simple. By the by, that last little homeit? Rather out of keeping with the vituperative noun, eh!"

"Rather," returns Sartoris, shortly "Am I? The heat, no doubt,"-with on in silence. As a rule, Dorian's care-pretty yellow hair. less humor suits him: it amuses and

and the startled look fades from her pretty face.

"Why should you think me unhappy and go down the hill, they meet Horace, coming toward them at a rapid pace. As he sees them, he slackens his speed and approaches more slowly. The says, and go down the hill, they meet Horace, coming toward them at a rapid the casements rattle noisily and the tall that her friend will fail her, distresses the says, and bend beneath its touch. Above, in the darkening heavens, gray position clearly.

Who can say if Clarissa Peyton will "Why should you think me unhappy his speed and approaches more stown."

"Just as well I met you," he says, clouds are scurrying madly to and fro. "Georgie," whispers a faint voice from be the same at heart as when last they have and Phoes. "The same at heart as when last they have and Phoes." bus Apollo is in the ascendant: verit- there?" "You altogether mistake me," he ably he 'rules the roost.' This uphill "Yes, dear, I am here, quite near to Grief and misery, and too much of

"Ah! I'm going there now. You saw What weight, papa?" is heir to? I beg your pardon, I'm Clarrisa, then?" says Sartoris, quickly

them, makes some conventional speech is can bear this musical treat no longer, the he breaks hurriedly into speech of a "I shall go out as a governess. I shall sobs shake her slender frame. And the

I didn't, eh? Should have found you to a triumphant finish, with a flourish like it. Do you understand me papa? up her pen again, and writes eagerly, out."

I shall like it better than anything, and without premeditation, to the one "Found me out,—yes," repeats his ings in the breast of Stephen Adams, because children are always fond of me." friend in whom she still puts faith.

"Though I should think it would run oughly bred, too, in every thought and lie thick upon his brow. the original 'deserted' one close on action. I never met so lovable a crea- "A governess," he murmurs with some

makes a faint courtesy to Lord Sar- is as well she can't. Adulation has a comfort you?" toris. There is no servility, but some bad effect on some people."

"I have a friend," replies she steadnervousness, in the slight salutation.

"She is too earnest, too thorough, ily. "You have often heard me men-"How is your father, Ruth?" asks to be upset by flattery. I sometimes tion her. You remember the name, he, detaining her by a quick movement wonder if there are any like her in the now,—Clarissa Peyton? She was my

tone, caused by the unmistakable re- Another pause somewhat longer than and-" the last, and then Sartoris says, with "Friendship,"-interrupts he, bitterly, "I am glad to hear it. There is no some hesitation, "Do you never think -"it is a breath, a name. It will fail

"Yet how seldom you touch on the deadly sickness at her heart. "And "I hope not, my lord," returns she, matter! Why, when I was your age, besides, you must not think of me as a steadily, although his voice has mean- I had seen at least twenty women I governess always, papa. I shall, pering in it. In another moment she was should have married, had they shown an haps, marry somebody, some day." "How does your farming go on, Dorian?" asks Lord Sartoris, presently, Branscombe. "Fancy, twenty of lasts for a moment, long enough to con-

Looks after the men, pays their wages, estly "—with a slight, almost unconshelter for you. There is comfort in the thought. But I hope it will be soon; before your spirit is broken of the Bible).

In the statistactory and make a same shelter for you. There is comfort in the thought. But I hope it will be soon; of the Bible. Never could understand what a perfect I have been scores of times."

treasure is till I got him. Every one "What a melancholy time you must and your youth dulled."

my darling, before your spirit is broken 12 to 25—Fourteen Handsome Gold Thimbles, 26 to 32—Sixty-seven Testaments, handsomely says I am most fortunate in my choice have put in! When a fellow is in love "I shall marry as soon as ever I can," he goes to skin and bone, doesn't he? says Georgie, making a last terrible 33 to 125-Thirty-three Solid Silver Thimbles "I dare say. It is amazing the slights his dinner, and refuses to find effort to appear hopeful and resigned.

about other people's servants. But trying, very; especially to one's doubt, very soon; so do not fret about Cake Baskets.

I shall meet someone very soon, no doubt, very soon; so do not fret about Cake Baskets.

I shall meet someone very soon, no doubt, very soon; so do not fret about Cake Baskets.

I shall meet someone very soon, no doubt, very soon; so do not fret about Cake Baskets.

I shall meet someone very soon, no doubt, very soon; so do not fret about Cake Baskets.

I shall meet someone very soon, no doubt, very soon; so do not fret about Cake Baskets.

I shall meet someone very soon; no doubt, very soon; so do not fret about Cake Baskets. worthy one's hirelings may be, one's "Then you ought to be," says Sarown eyes should also be in the matter."

"Oh, of course," acquiesces Dorian, men should feel their hearts beat, and says their nulses quicken at the sight of a specific property of the lightness of the lightness of females, as she finishes her little set speech. She quadruple plate.

"Intends. I doubt you were a susceptible youth. Arthur. I'm not."

"Then you ought to be," says Sartoris, with some anger. "All young men should feel their hearts beat, and as she finishes her little set speech. She finishes her little set speech. She quadruple plate.

"Nothing like personal susceptible with the lightness of her as she finishes her little set speech. She dadress World's Dispensary Medical Aspervision, and so on. Every now and pretty woman."

then, you know, I do look over the ac"My dear fellow," says Branscombe, almost too far gone to notice it.

and so forth. But I don't see that I more carefully his uncie's countenance, lessly at the quilt. "Poor Alice!—poor lessly at the quilt. "Poor Alice!—poor and references, address World's Dispension Buffalo NY."

There is somewhat thickly, clutching aimiters, s gain much by it. Horrid stupid work, "there is something the matter with you girl! It was that day on the beach, this morning, isn't there? You're not when the waves were dancing, and the lite 20—Ten Open Face Solid Nickel Watches. is one of the most knowing fellows well, you know. You have taken some-sun—or was it?—Did the old man 21 to 40—Twenty Silver Thimbles. in the world, or I suppose I should go thing very badly, and it has gone to your ever forgive--?" to smash. He is up to everything, morals; they are all wrong,—very unand talks like a book. Quite a pleasound indeed. Have you carefully condream of happier days, going back, even glass, to the order of the advice you are sure, I give you my word,—almost a sidered the nature of the advice you are privilege,—to hear him converse on giving me? Why, if I were to let my short-horns and some eccentric root heart beat every time I meet all the gilded hours of youth.

The call mangels "

Th "It is possible to be knowing," says lunatic asylum in a month."

Branscombe sighs.

(metaphorically speaking) turns to gold. "And I see nothing to prevent your with me were peaceful."

I'm sure anything like those pheasants doing so. You want a wife to look after

His ever meet here are

"I think him a low, underhand sneaking fellow," says Sartoris, unhesitatingly. "I should not keep him in my employ half an hour. However," relentingly, and somewhat sadly, "one cannot always judge by appearances."

They have reached the village by this time, and are walking leisurely through it. Almost as they are the work of the end.

To your own interests—and—
"You mean you would like me to marry clarissa Peyton," says Dorian, good-humoredly. "Well, it is a charm-it will come off. In the first place, Clarissa would not have me, and in the next, I don't want to marry at all. A wife would bore me to death; couldn't is about to befall her. And the know-ledge has paralyzed her senses renders." time, and are walking leisurely through it. Almost as they reach the hotel they meet Mr. Redmond, the rector, looking as hearty and kindly as usual. Lord Sartoris, who had come down on purpose to meet him, having asked his question and received his answer, turns again and walks slowly homeward, Dorian still beside him.

wife would bore me to death; couldn't fancy a greater nuisance. I like women to ledge has paralyzed her senses, render-ledge has paralyzed has paralyzed has paralyzed has paralyzed her senses, render-ledge has paralyzed has paralyzed has para

rian. carelessly.

"Yes,"—gravely,—" very pretty; and I think—I hope—upright, as she is beautiful. Poor child, hers seems to be a very desolate lot. Far too well educated to associate with those of her cown class, she is still cut off by the many subscribers and triends amount,—but not one I should care to figure that lies just as she last saw it, when sleep o'ercame her. The eyes are closed; the tender smile—the last fond smile—still lingers on his lips; yet, he would make up my mind to try matricated in the calm pose of the figure that lies just as she last saw it, heretotore been given to agents for getting when sleep o'ercame her. The eyes are closed; the tender smile—the last fond smile—still lingers on his lips; yet, he would make up my mind to try matricated in the calm pose of the ladies' Journal. These prizes have figure that lies just as she last saw it, when sleep o'ercame her. The eyes are closed; the tender smile—the last fond smile—still lingers on his lips; yet, he would make up my mind to try matricated.

The poor child stands of the many subscribers and triends amount,—but not one I should care to figure that lies just as she last saw it, when sleep o'ercame her. The eyes are closed; the tender smile—the last fond smile—still lingers on his lips; yet, he will be well pleased with the articles offered. own class, she is still cut off by the mony. So I went in heavily, heart and The poor child stands gazing down laws of caste from mixing with those soul, for Lady Fanny Hazlett. You upon him with parted lips and clasped

y, he says slowly,-"Are you quite sure of this?"

"As certain as I can be without ex-"Is it Horace?" "Yes; it is Horace," says Branscombe,

CHAPTER VI

"Tread softly; bow the head,-No passing bell doth toll, Yet an immortal soul Is passing now."

-Caroline Southey.

-and—" he pauses. "Anything wrong become indispensable to him) would prove "flat, stale, and unprofitable." silent room.

and noarser as the tide rushes in, comes the like a wail of passionate agony into the light through it,—so thin, so fragile, has it grown. But she will not be "Wrong? No! How should there perhaps, hardly dares to know why,—or, window-panes. The wind—that all day paper toward her, she tries to write. be?" retorted she, in a curious tone, his nephew's easy light-heartedness jars long has been sullen and subdued—is But it is a difficult task, and her words will As they turn the corner of the road and go down the hill, they meet Horace, coming toward them at a rapid the corner of the road ace, coming toward them at a rapid the corner of the road ace, coming toward them at a rapid the corner to the

with this weight upon my heart." sure, if I have offended you."

"When do you return to town, Horace is now standing before her, with only the little gate between them. Her face is still colorless, and she is gazing up at him with parted lips, as though she would fain say something difficult to form into satisfactory speech. At this moment, Lord Sartoris, coming sudden-moment, Lord Sartoris, care into casual on-both sarty about your future."

"To-morrow I think,—I hope says the dying man, with some excite-moment into town, Horace into town, Horace into town, Horace into the dying man, with some excite-moment into town, Horace into the dying man, with some excite-moment into town, Horace into the dying man, with some excite-moment into town, the says the dying man, with some excite-moment into town, the says the dying man, with some excite-moment into the dying into his says the dyin

Where are you going?" he asks description that requires an answer. get into some kind, pleasant family, and day dies, and the sun goes down, and "What a pretty girl Clarissa Peyton every one will be very good to me," says the young man, easily. "Just as well to a triumphant finish with a flourish like it. Do not you think so?"

"What a pretty girl Clarissa Peyton every one will be very good to me," says the girl, still in a resolutely cheerful tone. "It will just suit me. I shall though from some ugly dream, she takes uncle, looking at him strangely. How he says, without undue enthusiasm:—
long—how long it takes to find out "Yes, she is about the best-looking grayer, as she speaks. He sighs in a some people, on whom our very hearts woman I know." are set. "I am going to the village." And as unaffected as she is beautiful. little fragile hand that clings so des-"Then so am I," says Branscombe. That is her principal charm. So ther-perately to his, while the damps of death

silently returning his warm pressure, says Branscombe. "Though perhaps it fate! Is there no friend to help and

be able to find me some nice children, John Annersley. I hope nothing will "Often," says Branscombe, with an "Clarissa will not fail me," replies she, slowly, though with a feeling of

amount of information people possess solace in the best cigar. It must be "I shall meet someone very soon, no

stifle her rising grief, but her father is

The girl presses his hand to rouse him.

again. Think of me happily; let me feel when you are gone that your last hours

"Yes, yes, I dare say. But pheasants are not everything."

You,—a woman you could respect as well as love,—a thoughtful, beautiful woman, to make your home dearer to you round him, and, laying her golden head "Well, no; there are a few other things," says Dorian, amicably,—"notably grouse. Why this undying hatred to Sawyer, my dear Arthur? In what has he been found wanting?"

man, to make your home dearer to you upon the pillow, close to him, presses her lips to his,—the soft warm lips, that contains to your own interests—and—"

to your own interests—and—"

for a long time, kissing him softly every

As they again catch sight of the old mill, Sartoris says, quietly, with a laudable attempt at unconcern that would not have deceived the veriest infant, but is quite successful with Dorian, whose thoughts are far away,—
"What a nice girl that little Ruth has grown!"

Itel I m a miserable sinner; but I really really little is some. Itel I m a miserable sinner; but I really really little is some. Itel I m a miserable sinner; but I really little really little is some. When next she wakes, gray dawn is thing radically wrong with me."

"Do you mean to tell me "—with up to some natural indignation—"that up to some natural indignation—"tha Alas! alas! what change is here? He "Numbers, my dear Arthur,-any has not moved; no faintest alteration tion of the many subscribers and friends

hands, and a face almost as ashen as "My dear Arthur, how you do agonize yourself!" says Dorian. "She has it; regular hard work the entire time, letter that har be one to which her eyes given this with horror unspeakable. He looks so peaceful—so much as though he merely sleeps—that for one mad moment she tries not to believe the truth. Yet she that marble one to which her eyes grow

some time oppressed and haunted him. Broughton about a year ago, and though CRIPPLED BY KHEUMATISM. emptiness of all his dreaming. Present- her with vicious force, and almost handing her over as a victim to the greedy come death, and returned from the land of shadows, weakened, indeed, but with ife before her.

Months passed before she could summon up sufficient energy to plan or think about a possible future. All this time her aunt Elizabeth had clothed and fed and sheltered her, but unwillingly. Indeed, so grudgingly had she dealt out her measure of "brotherly love" that the girl writhed beneath it, and pined with a passionate longing, for the day that should see her freed from a dependence that had become unspeakably bit-

To-day, sitting in her little room,-A little room, scantily but neatly fur- an apartment high up in Aunt Elizanished. A low bed. A dying man. A beth's house,—she tells herself she will kneeling girl,—half child, half woman hesitate no longer, that she is strong He drops his nephew's arm, and walks —with a lovely, miserable face, and now, quite strong, and able to face the world. She holds up her delicate little It is almost dusk, and the sound of hand between her eyes and the window, adds a piquancy to a life that with- the moaning sea without, rising higher as a test of her returning strength, "But thin, too, are you not? And out it (now that Dorian's society has and hoarser as the tide rushes in, comes only to find that she can almost see

were running away with me, and Phoe-out the gathering gloom, "are you still parted, with many words of good will Aunt Elizabeth, have already embitin my mind with unhappiness. I mere- ian, just because he has nothing else where I can see you, ching,— young bosom. She is tired, too. All "Sit where I can see you, child,— tered and generated distrust in her doctors surpressed from Galifax but something to say to you. I cannot die day she has toiled, has worked religiously, and gone through wearying household labor, tryingto repay in some "The uncertainty about your future," faint wise the reluctant hospitality ex-

moment, Lord Sartoris, coming sudden- until it grows even swifter than it was lament, and give herself wholly up to sponse ever comes to the lonely cry. them.

Ruth lowers her eyes and some slight transient color creeps into her slight transient color creeps into her cheeks. Sartoris, comes quickly up to cheeks. Sartoris, comes quickly

(To be Continued.)

BIBLE PROBLEMS.

Give chapter and verse of the first case of medical treatment mentioned in the Bible, where a plaister of figs was recommended as a cure for boils. The ladies' Journal is offering the following series of valuable articles to those

who answer this problem correctly :-FIRST REWARDS. To the first person sending a correct answer will be given a Fine-toned Rosewood Piano, by one of our best Canadian makers, valued at four hundred dollars. 2 to 6-Five Handsome Go'd Watches (lady or gentleman's size, as preferred). 7 to 16-Ten Silver Watches, lady or gents' 17 to 36-Twenty Open Face Solid Nickel, Heavy Bevelled Crystal Watches. 37 to 65-Thirty half-dozen Triple Plated Tea

67 to 106-Forty dozen Nickel Tea Spoons. 107 to 150-Forty-four Handsome Gem Rings. To the person sending the middle correct

to get some good man, some kindly, lov- 2-One Silver Tea Set (4 pieces) Quadruple Favorite Prescription, for that is the 26 to 32 - Sixty-seven Testaments, handsomely curing all painful irregularities, uterine

126 to 140-Fifteen dozen Dinner Knives (quad-

CONSOLATION REWARDS.

90-One Black Silk Dress. 100 (or last)-Fine Toned Rosewood Piano, valued at four hundred dollars. Each person competing must be or become an actual subscriber to the LADIES' JOUR-NAL. Present subscribers competing will have their term extended one year for the eighty cents sent. If you send one dollar it will pay for fourteen months

ubscription. The regular subscription price is one dollar per year, but during the term of this competition, which remains open only until the 16th of December, inclusive, subscriptions will be received at the rate of eighty cents per year, or two for one dollar

and fifty cente. The JOURNAL has been established for fifteen years, and is thoroughly reliable in every respect, and is cheap at one dollar

Every person who competes cannot get a prize, but those who do not will get good value for their eighty cent investment, and all the above articles, as far as they go, will be given to those whose answers are correct. No charges will be exacted, beyond the subscription price named, from those who

The list of successful competitors will be published in the issue of the JOURNAL following the close of the competition. five years' silence, only at the solicita-

the articles offered. Of the thousands of persons who gained rewards in previous competitions, word is yet to be received from a dissatisfied competitor. Address The LADIES' JOURNAL. 73 Adelaide St. W .: Toronto, Canada.

A sound mind in a sound body is not as attractive to some people as a sound body in sound clothes. Cold in the head-Nasal Balm gives instant relief, speedily cures. Never

An engagement without kisses is tax-"My baby had croup and was saved by Shiloh's Cure," writes Mrs. J.B. Martin, of Huntsville, Ala. Common sense is the happy medium

grave, yet she had survived, and over- A King's Co., N. S., Man Suffers for Long Weary Months.

Had Reached a Stage When He Was Unable to Turn in Bed Without Aid-Hundreds of Pollars Spent in the Search for Relief-Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Again Prove Their Wonderful Health Giving

From the Kentville, N. S., Chronicle. Mr. David O. Corkum, of Scott's Bay Road, is the owner of one of the best

farms in King's Co., N.S., and is one of the best known farmers in that section of the county. He is naturally a hard working man and when strong is always to be found busy on his place. Last winter he spent the whole season in the lumber woods, was strong and healthy and worked as hard as anyone. But it has not always been so. In fact been struck at a depth of 172 feet, the it is the wonder of the neighborhood that he is able to work at all. Before moving to Scott's Bay Road, Mr. Corkum lived at Chester, Lunenburg Co., for a lady's dress they damaged by to-N.S., and while there was a great suf- bacco spit, and had to pay \$6.50 in costs ferer from rheumatism, which affected besides. him in such a way that he was unable to do manual labor of any kind. About this time he moved to his present home, but he could not get a moment's respite from the effects of his disease. Feeling that he must get well at any cost he had his old doctor brought from Chester to his relief, but he was unable to do anything for him. He tried many kinds of medicine hoping to receive benefit but to no avail. Being determined doctors summoned from Halifax, but three years ago he took to his bed and his case developed into bone and muscle rheumatism of the worst type. It ed upon him and still he took their effectual, and combined paid out several hundred dollars in hard cash for doctor's bills and mediticle of good. After lying in bed for fifteen months his case was pronounced hopeless and he was given up by all. About this time he heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and as alast resource he | Scott & Bowne, Belleville, 50c. and \$1. resolved to give them a trial. The first four boxes produced no noticeable ef-fect, but at the fifth he began to notice a change. Feeling encouraged he kept on and from that time he rapidly imon and from that time he rapidly improved and after using the Pink Pills for a period of some twelve weeks he shee metal workers. 124 Adelaide W., Toronto was restored to perfect health. Such Mr. Corkum a short time ago. Mr. better than he has for years and attri- shipping winter grown vegetables to northern

butes his recovery solely to the use of Dr. Williams' Pills, and he is willing to prove the truth of these statements to prove the truth of these statements to anyone who may call upon him. These pills are a positive cure for all troubles arising from a vitiated condition of the blood or a shattered nervous circular. THE ONTARIO INSTITUTE. system. Sold by all dealers or by mail from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y., at 50 cents a box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50. There are numerous inits. for \$2.50. There are numerous imitations and substitutes against which the

Not Necessary. Mamma-Your pen-wiper has not been used at all. Jack-Don't need it, my new pants are

public is cautioned.

An Old Rhyme Reset.

"Affliction sore long time she bore Physicians were in vain." At last one day, a friend did say, 'You'd soon be well again' you would take, as I did, Dr. Pierce's cure for all the peculiar ailments of women. It is a safe, simple and sure remedy. It banishes those distressing maladies that make woman's life a burden, disorders, inflammations and ulceration, prolapsus and kindred weaknesses. As burned out. Send for prices, etc. a nervine it cures nervous exhaustion, S. S. KIMBALL, 577 Craig St., Montreal, P.Q prostration, debility, relieves mental anxiety and hypochondria and induces G DUTHIE & SONS refreshing sleep." She took the advice and is well. "Favorite Prescription" is Slate, Sheet-Metal, Tile & Gravel Roofers rangements and weaknesses of females, Black and Green Roofing Slate, Metal Cor-

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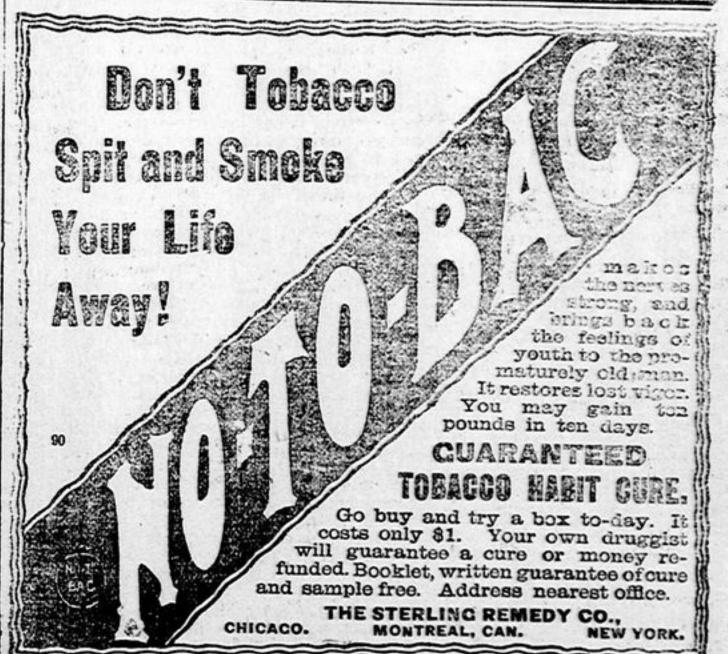
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REV. DR. TALMAGE INTERESTING

His Views of the New W and Physical Bealththers-Their Influence Strong Peroration. Washington, Nov. 17.

mage took for the sulf sermon "A Word With text for the occasion lowing letter received guished preacher: Reverend Sir .- You d course in answer to a young men of Favette. you to preach a sermon Young Men." Are we j ing you to preach a sern to Young Women?"

Letter signed by Six Yo Christ, who took his flock of birds flying ov "Behold the fowls of the the flowers in the valle sider the lilies of the fi the clucking of a barny ing. "As a hen gather ens under her wing," an tal of salt picked up by saying "Salt is good," a blessing, if, instead of from the Bible, I take for letter form Cincinnati, one of many letters, wh ceived from young wo York, New Orleans, S London, Edinburgh and of the earth, all implying some months ago preach mon on "Advice to You could not, without neg

refuse to preach a sern vice to Young Women." It is the more importan pit be heard on this su time when we are having stable discussion about v the "new woman." as new creature of God ha earth or were about to theory is that she will I and boxing glove and pugilistic encounter will her. Another theory is superintend ballot boxes gressional hall and thro politics bring the miller evil she will extirpate a she will instill. Another she will adopt masculine make sacred a vulgaris horrific. Another theory will be so aesthetic that I

and rolling pin and coal s pictorialized with tints fr or suggestions of Rembra Heaven deliver the cht world from any one of the new woman! She will no have so much faith in the triumph and in the productions in the right direct prophecy that style of nev never arrive. She would be world to diabolism, and fr she is now, the mighties the world's uplifting she mightest force for its do will tell you who the new be. She will be the good all the ages past. Here difference of attire as the custom may command, by good, honest, lovely Chri fluential being that your mine was. Of that kind was Christian Eddy who. man who was so much of he had named his two taire and Tom Paine, never him converted, he breaking emotion as he said to her stand you. You talk like And telling the story of h to twelve companions while blatant opposers of religion her to come and see the

world cannot improve on The new woman may have ledge, because she will books, but she will have mon sense than that wil manage and discipline an and did as well as she cou uncompromising material have more health than th other days, for the sew and the sanitary regulation ed intelligence on the sub from many forms of dre allow her more longevity, have the same character God gave her in paradis exception of the nervous moral jolt of the fall she when not noticing where she looked up into the br fruit tree. But I must be specific. before me wants advice to

tell them of Christ, and

were converted and all

greatly changed, and the band, departing for heav "Joyful! Joyful! Joyful!"

If you know any better

man than that, where

Advice the first: Get yo with God, and you will be attitude for everything New ways of voyaging a ways of travelling by land of threshing the harvests of prenting books-and th fice is enough to enchant has mechanical ingenuity a good deal of levers and we hardly do anything a be done; invention after vention on top of invention the matter of getting right there has not been an in 6,000 years. It is on the spentance that David exceptions and the spentance that David exceptions are spentance that David exceptions. his sins, and the same prayer that the publican us emphasized it by an inwar both hands, and the san Christ that Paul suggested

Aye, that is the reason I confidence in it. It has

er the night the peniten by more millions than I di lest I come far short of t